

Kristina Ehin (translated by Ilmar Lehtpere)

A giant airplane
a Boeing 757
fell in love with a grey heron
oh how it wanted
to fly over the marsh
where the heron stood
on a rough stump
slender legs
so thin and long
eyes half shut within itself
feathers the colourless colour of dreams
to see for a moment the black of its wings
the sharp brushstroke of its open beak
oh how it wanted
to set down its hurrying passengers
to leave its tedious everyday work
and swoop down to the heron
to twirl and to dance
to whirl wildly
on the rusty bog
its oh so bright and shining body
yearning to feel the nearness of bird feathers
to fall asleep wing in wing
against the heron's colourless colour of dreams

and then it would whisper to the heron
wake up heron
look how full of fiery stars
the sky is
up there I only felt
the heat of the fuel
the call to hurtle on

'A giant airplane' was previously published in *The Drums of Silence* by Kristiina Ehin, translated by Ilmar Lehtpere (Cambridge: Oleander Press, 2007).

Hiiglasuur lennuk
Boeing 757
armus haigrusse
oi kuidas ta tahtis
lennata üle selle soo
kus haigur seisis
rohmalal kännul
sihvakad jalad
nii peenikesed ja pikad
silmad vidukil iseendas
suled unenägude värvitut värvi
näha hetkeks tema tiibade musta
paakil noka teravat pintsililööki
oi kuidas ta tahtis
panna maha oma kiirustavad reisijad
jätta oma igapäevane igav töö
ja söösta alla tema juurde
keerelda tantsida
pööraselt pöörelda
roostesel rabajärvel
tema nii hele ja haljas keha
igatses tunda linnusulgede lähedust
tiivad tiibades uinuda
vastu ta unenägude värvitut värvi

ja siis sosistaks ta haigrule
ärka haigur
vaata kui ägedaid tähti
täis on taevas
seal üleval tundsin

ainult kütuse kuuma
kutset kihutada

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